

Suck

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 26, 1916  
PRICE TEN CENTS



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Painted by Raphael Kirchner

THE GOLDEN AGE

### A Plot That Esop Missed

NOT so long ago a rash monkey in the Central Park Zoo reached into the adjoining cage and tweaked the ear of a harmless and in-offensive rabbit. In its surprise and anguish, the rabbit executed a sudden flank movement and drove its hind leg against the monkey's jaw with such vigor and gusto that for more than seven minutes the proceedings had no interest whatsoever for the monkey. Furthermore, his jaw developed a prominent nubbin somewhat similar in size and shape to a Clingstone peach. The late Mr. Esop would have rejoiced in such an occurrence, and would doubtless have utilized it as the subject for one of the justly celebrated fables which he was dashing off for the Athens Evening News-Letter. Mr. Esop would very likely have made the fable teach the lesson that congenitally timorous and feeble organisms, if unexpectedly and unreasonably attacked, may possess sufficient nervous energy to deliver a knock-out punch before any of the interested parties or innocent bystanders know what has happened. Such a fable could, of course, apply to human beings as well as to animals, and to nations as well as to individuals.

### Fingers

FINGERS are neatly adjusted fringes to the human hand, without which the human race would find great difficulty in putting on collars, tipping the hat gracefully, picking up pins, dealing playing-cards or indulging in various other activities which do much to make life worth living.

There is no doubt that the hand would be nearly as successful in its functioning if it were supplied with a fewer number of fingers; for the elephant, whose trunk is supplied with only two fingers, has acquired remarkable dexterity in the manipulation of small objects. Any increase in the number of fingers, however, would probably be less satisfactory, and would be likely to result in a large amount of profanity because of the greater frequency with which a digit would be pounded during the driving of nails, and the difficulty of disposing of the extra fingers comfortably while wielding a golf club.

Considering the question from a standpoint of general convenience, however, it seems probable that the present arrangement of fingers is as practicable, symmetrical and efficient as could be desired; and there appears to be no reason for demanding any change.



## VANITY FAIR

The Most Successful of All The New Magazines

### Don't Be a Social Back Number

If you are out of step with the whirling progress of our time; if you are removed from its magnetic influences; if, despite your youth, you are becoming an old fogey, or an old maid, or an old bachelor, or an old bore; if your *joie de vivre* is dying at the roots—then you must read *Vanity Fair*, and presto! you will be nimble-witted and agile-minded again—the joy of the picnic—the life of the grill-room—sunshine in the home.

Six Issues of *Vanity Fair* will enable you to ignite a dinner party at fifty yards

Don't settle down comfortably in the ooze. The world is moving, moving on all eight cylinders—some folks are even moving on twelve—and you might just as well move along with them. Don't stall yourself on life's highroad and be satisfied to take everybody else's dust. Hop up and take a little joy ride on the red and yellow bandwagon—*Vanity Fair's* band-wagon.



#### Every Issue of *Vanity Fair* Contains:

If you want to be in the social and artistic swim, tear off the coupon in the lower left hand corner of this page—and mail it.

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**HUMOR:** The most original and amusing works of our young writers and artists.

**PEOPLE:** Striking and unusual portraits of celebrities who help make New York a brilliant, fascinating merry-go-round.

**SPORTS:** An illustrated panorama of golf, tennis, football, racing, polo and a dozen other outdoor and indoor sports.

**ESSAYS AND REVIEWS:** By intellectually stimulating essayists and critics.

**PARIS AND LONDON:** The latest diverting news from the European capitals.

**DANCING:** Outdoor dances, indoor dances, rhythmic dances, cosmic dances.

**FASHIONS:** From Paris, London and New York for all discriminating men and women.

**DOGS AND MOTORS:** Photographs of the best-bred dogs and the best-built motors, with descriptions and timely discussion of them.

**SHOPPING:** An index to the best shops, what they sell, and a shopping offer that is bound to interest alert men and women.

If you want your brain kept powdered and well groomed for six months, just tear off, fill in and mail the little coupon below

**We Promise You, Solely that *Vanity Fair* is not just one more magazine, or even a new magazine of an old kind—but an ALTOGETHER NEW KIND OF MAGAZINE.** It's an entertaining Magazine for Moderns.

We are not going to print any pretty girls' heads on its covers. We are going to spare you the agony of sex discussions. We shall publish no dreary serial stories. No diaries of travel. No gloom. No problem stories. No articles on tariff, or irrigation, or railroad rates, or pure food, or any other statistical subject.

#### Try a Little Dollar Diplomacy!

You think nothing, in your poor deluded way—of paying \$1.00 for a theatre ticket, or for a new book, but you can secure for \$1.00 six months of *Vanity Fair*, and with it more entertainment than you can derive from dozens of sex plays or a shelf full of problem novels.

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Frank Crowninshield, Editor  
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Three Dollars a Year

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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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Puck 8-20-18









*Who really put up the money  
for the voyage of Columbus?*

PUCK will  
tell you

*What New York banker re-  
ceived a gold medal in full  
settlement of the \$680,000  
his family gave the American  
revolutionists?*

PUCK will  
tell you

*Who was the first European  
to use tobacco? Sir Walter  
Raleigh? Wrong.*

PUCK will  
give his  
real name

Many heretofore unknown  
and interesting sidelights of  
American history will be told  
in text and picture in

## The Pictorial History of America

beginning in next week's

Puck

(dated September 2 and on  
sale everywhere August 29th)

There has already been a  
brisk advance call for the  
first of these historical issues,  
which contains a double page  
in full color by Will Craw-  
ford, and is a double number  
issued at the regular price.

If you would be sure of  
obtaining it, you should  
therefore leave an order with  
your newsdealer at once.

10c.  
per  
Copy



\$5.00  
per  
Year

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KARL SCHMIDT, Editor.

FOSTER GILROY, General Manager.

NEW YORK CITY.

To the Editor of PUCK—  
Dear Sir:

You published a letter last week asking whether a man could be pro-German and still be a good American. The question is an interesting one. Certainly the attitude of the ordinary man to whom you speak on the street, would indicate that pro-German sympathies are to him an evidence of anti-American feeling, or at least of an un-American feeling. How far is this view justified?

A good many pro-German sympathizers will answer that it is justified only by the regrettable activities of certain pro-German fanatics in this country who were in the last analysis largely German citizens of fighting age, interned here by the accidents of war, and chafing at their inability to serve their country. This answer is specious, but is it altogether tenable? First of all, has not a great deal of the German plotting here—the bomb plots and the systematic German propaganda—been due rather to people who are supposedly loyal American citizens?

Furthermore, is it true that all of the anti-German feeling among us can be ascribed to the activities of a few men in this country? Is it not rather true that the average American subconsciously feels that whoever supports the German cause is supporting just those things for which America should not stand and is not supposed to stand? Does not the average American feel in common with the writer, whether he admits it or not, that the violation of Belgian neutrality, the Lusitania sinking, and the bomb-plotting in this country are all not to be condemned as individual acts, but are rather evidences of a national state of mind which is entirely at variance with the American conception of humanity and civilization? It is not so much the invasion of Belgium as an individual act that turned us against the Germans, as it is the feeling that the invasion of Belgium was just an evidence of the kind of thing to which Germany is ready to take recourse upon the slightest provocation. We cannot feel that the invasion of Belgium was an isolated act that would be abhorrent

to Germany, but rather that it was an act in itself a culmination of a mode of thinking with which the Americans can have no sympathy. It is not so much the Lusitania sinking and the Zeppelin raids on London as individual acts that turn us against the Germans, as it is the conviction that these too are evidences of "Germanism,"—of a state of mind which is repellent to us.

More than this, does not the average American feel in his heart of hearts that this war after all is a war of autocracy against democracy? Doesn't he feel that the issue cannot be clouded by saying that Russia on one side represents the same autocracy that Germany and Austria-Hungary do on the other? The leading, dominant figures on one side are the nations of France and England, one of them a republic more liberal than ours in fact, if not in name, and the other a republic modelled after our own in fact as well as in name. Does not the average American feel that just as these are the ruling spirits, the guiding forces of the Allied cause, so the autocratic bureaucracy exemplified in Germany and Austria is the guiding spirit of the other? It seems to the writer at least that these considerations have weight with the average American, even when perhaps he has not given them articulate form in word or thought. Even though he does not think too deeply about the subject, he feels that to be on the side which is led by Germany and Austria and against the side which is led by Great Britain and France is to fight against the very principles and ideals for which our country is supposed to stand; that whatever may be the merits of the particular controversy which led up to the war, he, as an American, would prefer to see triumphant the countries modelled on a plan and guided by ideals similar to his own, rather than the countries that stand for what in his eyes are the conditions and ideals that prevailed in the Middle Ages.

Therefore it is hard for many of us to feel that a man who admits that he is pro-German can be a true loyal American.

Yours very truly

CHARLES CHIRTSO.

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### No Previous Experience

TRAFFIC COP (to autoist, whose car has just been in a bad collision): That's the most complete smash-up I ever saw.

AUTOIST (proudly): Thank you. And would you believe it, it's the first one I ever had.

### Or Red Tape

War is now a matter of machinery and the nation that has the most of it wins.

Then we can lick anybody on earth.

Why?

Because we have the biggest, most complicated and most expensive government machinery in the world.



Boy: "Gee whiz, mister, what 'ud happen if he got out?"

"Begorra, oi'd lose me job!"

It has been cooler some nights at McAllen, Texas, than it has been in New York or Chicago. The last straw will snap when word arrives from the Border that the troops "are sleeping under three blankets every night."

Candidate Hughes thinks it would be unwise from a political as well as from a physical standpoint to attempt to carry on a heated campaign in August. In this, Candidate Hughes is most selfishly inconsiderate. He would be as good as a cold wave to many a sun-parched community.

The Federal Government is inquiring into the causes which led to the disastrous explosion on Black Tom Island. Just about a year ago, you remember, the Federal Government inquired into the causes of the Eastland disaster at Chicago, and announced that no one in particular was to blame.



## The Cordon Bleu

May well be pleased with the equipment with which the mistress of the house provides him, if it is chosen from the naught-forgetting variety of good kitchen utensils in

## The Autumn Sale of Housewares

This fine half-yearly event begins on Monday, August 28, and extends through September. Always of high interest to the home-furnisher, its offerings, in the present instance, are extraordinary in the low prices quoted for the best qualities, at a time of generally advancing markets.

**ABRAHAM AND STRAUS**

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

### NEXT WEEK

Pictorial History of America

begins in

**Ruck**

As a Good American, you must see it



*Dreams—by Raphael Kirchner*



—RAPHAEL  
—KIRCHNER—

Copyright 1916 by Raphael Kirchner

IV—THE BOY WHOSE DELIGHT IT WAS TO IMPALE INSECTS ON PINS





"I'm delighted with every means to provide betterment of living conditions of workmen so that everyone can go to work secure and happy in the thought that he is being taken care of." — *Candidate Hughes.*

Never mind the workmen; the question that concerns the members of the Republican Old Guard is, can they be secure and happy in the thought that they are going to be taken care of? The sooner Mr. Hughes cuts out generalities the better.

"We Progressives stand at the crossroads." — *Raymond Robins.*

When one stands at the crossroads, for whom does one battle?

The railroad gentlemen who so stoutly object to what they term "outside domination" in labor circles should recall that many railroads are themselves examples of outside domination," the outside domination being provided by Wall Street.

Possibly Rumania expects to go into the war as a pinch-hitter.

Senator Taggart of Indiana took a dog to the Senate Chamber the other day, and Washington correspondents spoke of it as "an innovation." It is not. Dogs are often found in our legislative halls, "yellow dog funds" being raised for their support.

It is now rumored that, although dead and buried, Yuan Shih-K'ai of China is really alive. Yuan may be out after the Villa record.

A person who has done considerable secret service work during the European war says that ability to eat paper is an essential qualification in a spy. Fame and fortune await the General who first trains a goat to be a spy.

"The photo-drama is striding along in seven-league boots. Even a comparison between this year's productions and those of last year is amazing."

— *A Producer.*

Yes; and some day, perhaps, we shall see a villain who smokes a pipe and a hero who smokes a cigarette.

There is no special credit coming to the women who attend military training camps in these days when short skirts are fashionable. The test of patriotism will come when the long, trailing skirt is revived.

A headline makes the interesting announcement that Chairman Wilcox "saw" George W. Perkins. Can a check-book which has "battled for the Lord" fall so low as to finance the Republican Party?

On a sizzling summer Sunday, readers of newspapers appreciate nice judgment on the part of Sunday editors. For example, the Brooklyn Eagle for August 6 spoke enthusiastically of a "Blazing Lava Lake and Three Volcanoes in Hawaiian Park."

A certain type of Railroad head used to say: "The Public Be Damned." Now he says: "There is nothing to arbitrate."

Some of these man-eating sharks are getting such a lot of advertising that Mr. Hearst will be after them to cover the world's series for "The Evening Journal."

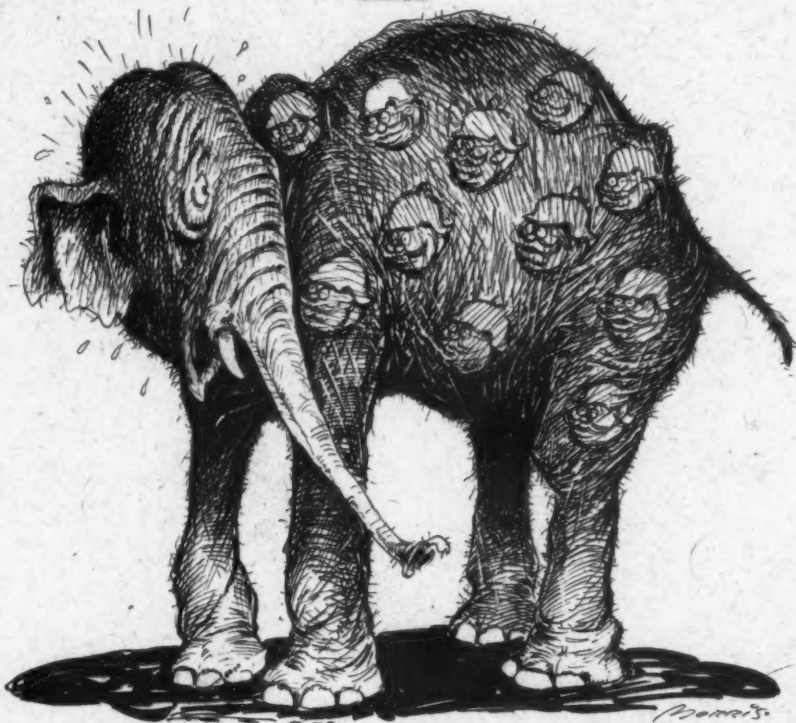
"Lineman Shocked to Death." — *Headline.*

At the Follies or the Winter Garden?

A well-known Austrian physician, Dr. Ebstein, claims the discovery of a physical exercise that will cure insomnia. The cure consists of the simple process of grasping with both hands the headboard or rail of the bed and straining upward until the arm and shoulder muscles are fatigued.

— *News Item.*

Gosh! Suppose one is in an upper berth.



— *Drawn by William C. Morris*

THE G. O. P.: "Great Scott! Am I breaking out with the German Measles?"

Beetles bearing masonic emblems have been found in Oregon. A closer scrutiny will doubtless reveal the fact that they wear the square and compass watch-charms.

Strange as it may seem, no enterprising journalist has discovered the remains of a shark that was killed by shrapnel from exploding Black Tom Island.

Mr. Brady will send "Sinners" and "Little Women" on tour again.

— *The Sun.*

Obviously, a case for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

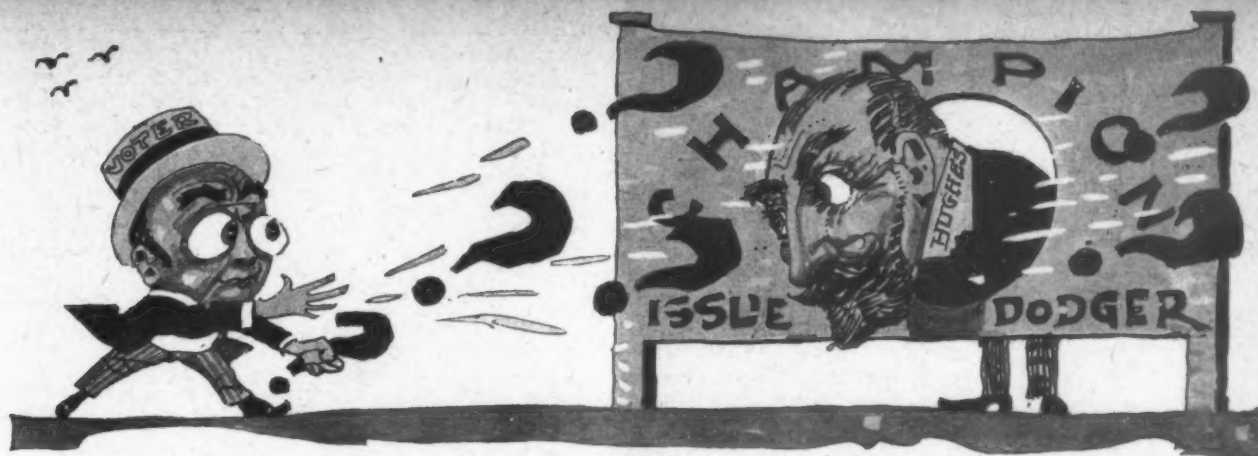
Mr. Hughes may now be said to be traversing the Penrose Path.

General Joffre announces that the German army has been "trapped in a vise." One would think that such a statement would be issued by France's vice-president.

Some New Jersey children ate a couple of golf balls and became dangerously ill. This will be a warning to them to stick to medicine balls.

The new Zeppelins, it is said, have wonderful wind-bucking power. They probably haven't been tested against one of the Kaiser's speeches.

Wilson may be notified of his nomination on September 2. Oh, shucks, why not let it go? Somebody'll drop a hint, or tell him outright, before that, sure as guns.



## THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

Drawings by Merle Johnson

Says Joffre, "Cease doubting!  
Except for the shouting  
(And maybe a year or so more  
Of strife undiminished)  
The conflict is finished  
And Germany's whipped in the war!"



Well, after some waiting,  
They're investigating  
That Jersey explosion. Amen!  
If probers are at it  
We're wagering that it  
Will never be heard of again.

But meantime, on water,  
She's started more slaughter  
With submarines running amuck,  
Which sets our blood racing  
For fear we'll be facing  
A new U-boat crisis — worse luck!

With mercury boiling  
New Yorkers went toiling  
Afoot, and their collars grew wet.  
'Twas not to their liking,  
But carmen were striking,  
How's that? Did they win it? You bet!

Hey! Stop! Look and listen.  
Some season is this 'un. [bunched  
The teams have been running all  
Save that down-and-outfit  
Of Connie's, no doubt fit  
For being much trampled and crunched.

Those Teutons are slick ones.  
When purses — nice thick ones —  
We sent to the Belgians and such,  
The Kulturists counted  
To what they amounted —  
Then taxed the poor devils that much!

With care microscopic  
Each possible topic  
The G. O. P. leaders peruse,  
But spite of their peering  
With hope persevering  
They can't find an issue for Hughes!

In circles called sporting  
Lawn tennis is courting  
Attention and getting it, too;  
Who'll win in the pastime?  
Well, Johnston did, last time,  
But we're for McLoughlin, all through!

Down south on the border  
Our Guard's keeping order  
(A duty which doubtless seems flat).  
Yet since, by their tenting  
A war they're preventing  
Their glory's the greater for that.

That U-boat, the Bremen,  
Is missing, pro tem, in  
The ocean — or was when we wrote —  
The Deutschland's departed  
(Exact course uncharted)  
Here's luck to the brave little boat!

The Turks liked the view, ez  
They "snuck up" on Suez,  
They said to themselves, "It's a snap!"  
It was — but they hovered  
Too close, and discovered  
The snap was the snap of a trap!







—Drawn by Boardman Robinson  
"Emperor William is spending a brief holiday by helping in person to reap the bountiful harvest."—News Item.  
**DEATH, THE REAPER: "Plagiarist! You are stealing my business."**





Vol. LXXX

No. 2060



400,000 VOTES



WEEK ENDING AUGUST 26, 1916

*"The two old parties are husks, with no real soul within either, divided on artificial lines, boss-ridden and privilege-controlled."*

— Theodore Roosevelt in the Campaign of 1912

### Mr. Hughes and the Laundry Man

**MR. CHARLES E. HUGHES'S** speaking tour in the West is remarkable, so far, for two things:

The candidate's complete change of character.

The inaccuracies (not to use a shorter and uglier term) of his statements.

For many years Mr. Hughes has been regarded as a sedate, dignified, conservative personage, who spoke only in polysyllables and in phrases of ponderous ambiguity. This impression has been heightened by the fact that for the last six years he has been confined to the cloistered chambers of the Supreme Court of the United States.

**THIS** impression, it would seem from the record of Mr. Hughes's Western tour, was all wrong. Mr. Hughes is a genial, not to say jovial spirit, a regular "village cut-up," a "devil of a fellow." Instead of being classified as an iceberg, Mr. Hughes would have the public understand that he is a conflagration, calculated to set Western rivers afire; one who expects to be called "Charlie" by chance acquaintances, (who can vote) and who would not resent being addressed by his familiars as "Whiskers."

This change in the character of the candidate is understandable, however surprising. It is one of the most ancient deceptions practiced by mediocre politicians who have no other means of commanding the votes of their fellow citizens.

But the change from the measured, weighed and exact statements of the lawyer and the jurist to the inaccurate and reckless assertions of the unreliable and irresponsible stump orator is not understandable in a man who has had the training and experience Mr. Hughes has had in veracious and exact expression. For instance:

He spoke of Huerta having been recognized by the administration of President Wilson; of the recognition being withdrawn and extended to Villa, neither of whom ever were recognized by the present or any other administration.

He spoke of Ambassador Herrick being dropped at a critical time to make room for a Democrat, when as a

matter of fact, Mr. Herrick resigned before the European war began and only remained as long as he did as this country's representative in France at the earnest solicitation of the present administration.

Then Mr. Hughes criticized the administration of President Wilson for changes of officials in the Coast and Geodetic Survey. The changes were due to a resignation, and a promotion for conspicuous public service, although Mr. Hughes sought to convey the impression that they were inspired by base political motives.

He announced that one hundred and four places had been taken out of the civil service, when the number was fifty, and that sixty-two appointments were made in opposition to the Civil Service Commission, when the truth is that thirty-eight of the fifty appointments were made upon recommendation of the commission, the other twelve being laborers at less than \$3 a day.

**THESE** are only some of the specific inaccuracies of a man who is trying to induce the people of the United States to discredit the administration of their country in its relations with foreign powers and thereby discredit their country in the eyes of the world and substitute himself as the head of the government.

Someone has said that the two hardest things to keep spotless are a good reputation and a white vest, the two most conspicuous possessions of Mr. Hughes. That the long railroad trip through the West will result in soiling the white vest is almost certain.

If Mr. Hughes shall continue his present methods of attack and misrepresentation he may find his hitherto good reputation in the same condition as the vest at the end of the trip.

And only the vest can be sent to the laundry.

### We Congratulate Mr. Munsey

The following paragraph is clipped from a recent issue of the New York Sun:

ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L. I.—Last Sunday morning a light-weight motor car, bearing a party of seven, was running west along the Merrick road toward Brooklyn at a medium rate of speed.....

We hold that that is the first instance since the introduction of the automobile that a motor car participating in an accident was not "a high powered racing car of long, low, rakish design, tearing along at express speed."

We may yet read in the Sun of a burglar who was not "a scion of an old and honorable family who chose the profession of Raffles as a rebuke to society."

## That House in the Country

The Flat Dweller entered the office of the Real Estate Dealer with a dignified tread and an assured presence, and viewed the ingratiating fawnings of the Real Estate Dealer with amused indulgence.

"On the first of next month," stated the Flat Dweller tersely, "I wish to rent an unfurnished house in the country. It must be surrounded by a sufficient amount of land so that I may be sure of perfect quiet."

"here is exactly what you want: Remodelled fourteen-room Colonial farm-house with 17 acres of land, 16 tie-ups for cattle, hot-water heater, windmill, 300 tomato trees, cucumber slicer, wide-open plumbing, and exactly one hour from the city."

"Great!" exclaimed the Flat Dweller. "What's the rent?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied the Real Estate Dealer. "The man who owns this place has been forced to go to Hawaii on account of an ingrowing toenail, and he'll sacrifice

room Colonial house with original Dutch ovens and cobwebs on the ceilings, lawn shaded by beautiful potato trees, 38 acres planted to peanut bushes, genuine antique rats in the cellar, and valuable mineral spring, full of old iron, tin and horse-shoes, in the back yard."

"Fine!" declared the Flat Dweller, recovering his poise somewhat. "How is it heated?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the Real Estate Dealer confidentially. "You'd have to put in running water and a heating and lighting system, but —"

"Put in nothing!" shrieked the Flat Dweller, foaming at the mouth and tearing several handfuls of hair from his head. "I told you I wanted modern plumbing and a heating system. What do you take me for, anyway?"

"Now, now, now!" soothed the Real Estate Dealer, extracting another card from his filing cabinet and gazing at it in rapt admiration. "Here's the very thing for you! Remodelled nine-room Colonial house with brick ends, modern conveniences, cheese-making machine, brand-new silo full of sile, three can-openers, an old Colonial coal-hod, and a charming pergola heavily overgrown with gillie-flowers in the front yard, all for \$650 rent."

"That sounds something like," declared the Flat Dweller weakly. "Where is it, and how soon could I move into it?"

"Well, I'll tell you," whispered the Real Estate Dealer. "The man who owned that house was an astronomer, and he hadn't had the roof repaired for 35 years because he liked to look at the stars through the holes in it. He just died of pneumonia. It isn't near a town, because the trains would have disturbed the delicate mechanism of his telescopes. But it is only two hours from town by a fast automobile; and you ought to be able to move in as soon as you could get a new roof put on."

At this point the Real Estate Dealer ceased speaking; for with an unhappy moan the Flat Dweller had fainted away with a look of hopeless agony on his features.

Wearily the Real Estate Dealer rolled the Flat Dweller out of his office and telephoned the nearest hospital for an ambulance.

"He's new at the game," murmured the Dealer to himself, as he replaced the cards in his filing-cabinet. "After he has been hunting a country house a little longer, the only thing that will surprise him will be a dealer who can offer him what he wants."

But it was several months afterward before the Flat Dweller learned that lesson.

— K. L. Roberts



—Drawn by Rodney Thomson

## Help Wanted

It must be a remodelled Colonial farm-house with furnace, electricity, bathrooms and all modern conveniences. It must be within one hour of the city by train. The rent must not exceed fifty dollars a month. Have you a house which answers that description?"

"Absolutely!" declared the Real Estate Dealer with passionate intensity. "Here," he cried, drawing a card from a filing-cabinet with his left hand and beating his breast convincingly with his right hand,

the house for only \$22,000. It's a marvelous bargain."

"Twenty-two thousand dollars!" screamed the Flat Dweller, biting the top button from his vest in his anguish. "Twenty-two thousand dollars! What do you think I am? The Philadelphia mint? I want to rent for fifty —"

"There, there!" interrupted the Real Estate Dealer, reaching hurriedly for another card, "I've got one here that will suit you to a T. Fifty-two dollars a month rent, old twelve-

A good income is more practical than a good outlook.



### An Appeal to His Civic Pride

PROPRIETOR OF TAILOR SHOP: See here! This is the third time my shop-window has been broken by you kids playing ball. I want it stopped.

CAPTAIN OF THE YOUNG GIANTS: Gwan. Be a sport and have a little civic pride about you. Why don't you paint a sign on that window giving a dress-suit free to any guy that hits it in a regular game.

### Those Saved Stitches

SHE: A stitch in time saves nine, you know.

HE: Yes, but what becomes of all the stitches that thrifty people have saved in that way?

Pity the standpatter! He is finding it more and more difficult every day to find some place to stand, and nobody pays any attention to his patter.

The difficult, almost insurmountable, task of representative government is to place the honor of the country in the hands of honorable men.

Where is the modern Coleridge who will write "The Ancient Submariner"?

Eminent Gothamites have adopted the slogan, "Make New York City a Spotless Town." They mean physically, of course.

The news columns report a case in which two Frenchmen captured one hundred Germans. Surrounded them, no doubt.

It seems as though almost everybody has gone out on strike recently except Joseph Urban.

Answer quickly, now! Who is the poet laureate of England?



—Drawn by Ethel Plummer

"I am content to remain in the shadow, if only the sunlight may fall upon thee."



—Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain

### THE ICICLES VISIT THE ARCTIC REGIONS

HUGHES TO FAIRBANKS—"It's comfortable here—but there isn't an issue in sight!"





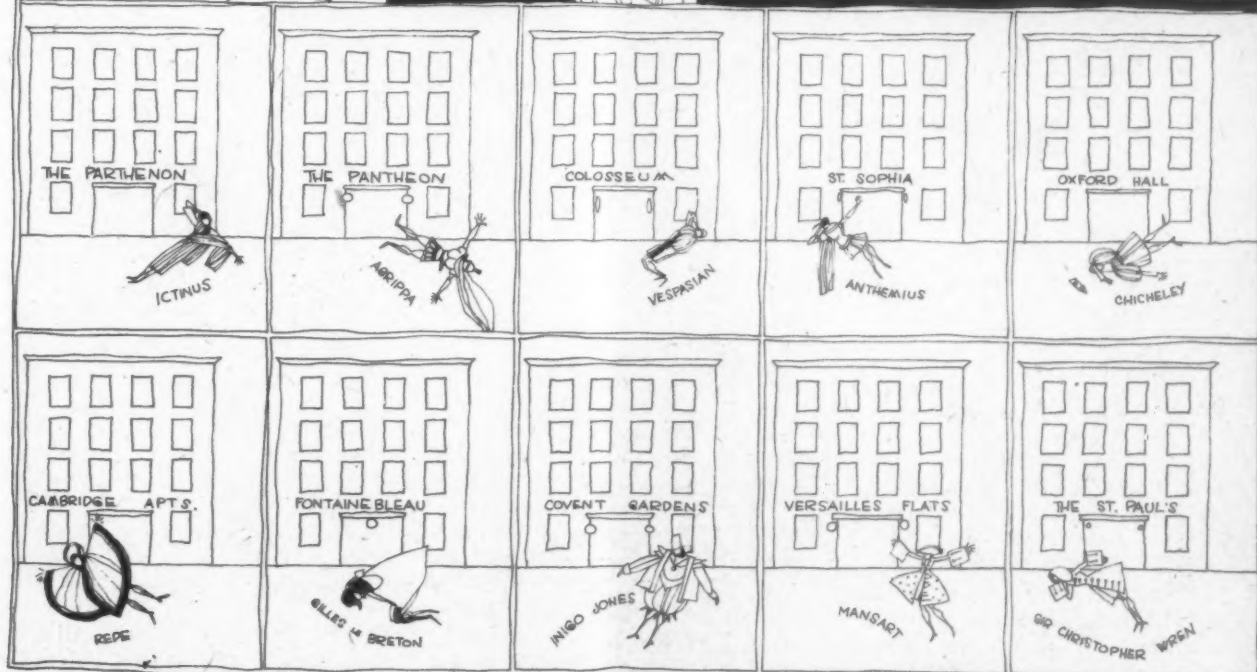
### Mid-Summer Fiction

It is one of my pet convictions that the human race is more immoral in Summer than Winter. I have been told that this does not hold good with the Esquimaux. Let that pass. At the seashore, the bars of modesty are let down and old Mother Morality lifts aloft hands of horror. Even this mood is reflected in fiction. I couldn't help thinking of my little—and by no means convincing—theory the other day when Alfred Knopf gave me a new fiction of his own hatching. (Don't publishers hatch out the eggs of their authors?) The book is named "The Buffoon" and it proved highly inflammable reading for the dog-days. It is by Louis U. Wilkinson, an Englishman, a graduate of Cambridge, and married to Frances Gregg, a young poet expert in *Vers libres*. I mention this interesting marital fact, because till he wrote "The Buffoon" Mr. Wilkinson was chiefly known in the literary world as the husband of Frances Gregg; nevertheless, I fancy that his successful fiction will not reduce Mrs. Gregg to the estate of merely wife to Mr. Wilkinson. Of such is the female kingdom of heaven nowadays. I recall one story of this writer; it appeared in *Smart Set* some time ago (May 1915) entitled "A Connoisseur of the Emotions," and was more than promising. It was positively brilliant. But the aura of Oscar Wilde hovered about the style, though not in the subject. Since then I learn that Mr. Wilkinson knew the wonderful Irishman; yet "The Buffoon" reminds me more of "The Green Carnation" by Robert Hichens than any of Wilde's stories. Nor does it deal with "carnation" themes; it is rather in the elusive atmosphere that the resemblance is to be found. Above all, in the wit.

**The Buffoon** "The Buffoon" is a clever, impertinent, wicked novel. It is amusing. It will shock some because of its frankness. And it contains more than one vital characterization. That it is a key-story is well known; but I am not concerned with the rumors that Ezra Pound, the American born, London-residing, and non-English writing poet is incarnated in the person of Raoul Root. Or, that the Jack Welsh of the book is supposed to be John Cowper Powys, now interned somewhere in our hospitable land. (Mr. Powys, by the way, gives the volume a good send-off in the publishers "blurb"). But I do know that Jack Welsh is one of the most delightful acquaintances that I have encountered in a long while between covers. He is far better than the "unsocial socialist" of Mr. Shaw because

the breath of life is in him. He has read Montaigne with profit; yet on the lecture platform before a big audience he fairly reeks with sincerity. His dilettanteish nihilism vanishes. He talks to the very souls of the confiding men and women who go to those awful socialistic and philosophic seances yearning for truth; truth at all hazards. Jack Welsh gives them the bread of wit, not the cruel stone of socialism. But he is an awful black-guard, take him all in all. His theory of sex makes you sit up. Indeed, the novel is the freest in the discussion of sexual problems I ever read in English. Mr. Shaw, no, not even Havelock Ellis, would plump out such sentences as Mr. Wilkinson's. There is an interesting street-walker, a cockney girl, weeping and sentimental. Well, yes, slightly so. His marionettes have the morals of a monkey cage. What I most enjoy is his picture of the pretentious cenacle of Imagist poets in London. The Vorticists and their occasional publication "The Blast," come in for an ironical rating. Mr. Wilkinson revels in irony. He has a light touch and he lays on the lash without undue emphasis. The "modern" poet, Raoul Root, is treated about as kindly as George Du Maurier treated Oscar and the *Æsthetes* of the eighties. An American girl, tall, slender, a poseuse à la pre-Raphaelite, though more contemporary, is another of the author's triumphs. She, too, is an easily recognizable portrait. She is divinely inane. The fainting episode in the public gardens is a gem of irony. All the women are well-characterized. The buffoon, himself, the very unheroic hero, is unpleasantly alive. He is more than a buffoon, he is a perverse, morbid, rather nasty-minded, and yet a real, human. His friend, Tyers is a supercad—is not good company; in fact the present war is a welcome idea if London contains many such social pests. But "The Buffoon" is capital reading. It ought to achieve popularity. Only I wish that the writer had shown more delicacy in his handling of the buffoon's mother. It is audacious, and no doubt probable, yet it leaves a bad taste in the mouth. A tendency of the hour is to say disagreeable things about your parents. Stendhal began it a century ago; Bernard Shaw revived this cult of hatred, and the younger choir, poet and novelist, has been chanting the hymn ever since. It is ugly to the ear. But then, I'm an old-fashioned philistine in this matter. A man may even admire his mother-in-law, yet not be stupid. All said and done, however, I salute Louis U. Wilkinson and his buffoons.

(Continued on page 20)



Ten little architects' ghosts  
Revisit earth for fun —

Each found an apartment house named after his masterpiece,  
And then there was none.

— Drawn by Ralph Barton



### The Quest of Quiet

Pelham Kip Van Brunt occupied a quiet little apartment at the intersection of Broadway and Forty-second street, New York—a charming breathing-space once designated as Longacre Square.

Three double-tracked trolley lines converged under his windows. The rail-joints were all depressed several inches and each car passing over them possessed at least two flat wheels.

Across the street, three gangs of huskies, in eight-hour shifts, operated pneumatic drills all day and all night erecting a new movie palace.

A new hotel was going up back of him just as fast as an old one was being torn down on his right.

The orchestra of a dance-hall on his left sent the sweet strains of Irving Berlin up to his window until the wee small hours.

Beneath him burrowed a new subway. It was a dull evening that the street shorings did not give way and drop a miscellaneous assortment of trolley cars, brewery trucks and Fords into the excavation.

His lullaby was the sonorous rumble of the *Evening Telegram* squad of strong-arm workers selling "extras."

Amid this peaceful scene, Pelham Kip Van Brunt suffered a nervous breakdown. His doctor prescribed rest, and, after reading a real estate prospectus, Los Angeles.

Our hero is now approaching the "garden spot of Southern California."

The train speeds along at a sixty-mile clip when the brakes are thrown on at the emergency notch, and the frightened passengers tumble out of their seats in time to greet a masked man at one end of the car and an operator with a swiftly whirling camera at the other end.

"Hold your poses only for a moment," cried a voice at an open window. "This is an incident in 'The Cowcatcher's Prey,' released over the Flicker Circuit."

"I want a quiet, restful hotel," he explained to the porter who took his luggage at the station.

"Yes, sir; the Chaplin House. Take you right up."

In front of his hotel a dense crowd had collected. In the doorway, a man and woman were engaged in a lively altercation, which was ended when the latter whipped out an automatic and dropped her annoyer in his tracks.

"My God," cried Mr. Van Brunt, "murder has been committed!"

"Naw," replied the cabman. "This is the big scene in the Dippy Players' new thriller, 'Shot Full of Holes, or the Human Colander.'"

Van Brunt was still sleeping at nine o'clock the following morning, when a form crept out upon the roof-ledge directly over his room, and dropped nim-



—Drawn by Otho Cushing

### NEWPORT, 1895 — Distinction

bly to the fire-escape opposite the open window, followed immediately after by seven energetic bluecoats, who clattered down the iron ladder with a rumble akin to a busy moment in a rolling mill.

"Burglars!" yelled the terrified New Yorker, springing to the window and addressing an assemblage of interested pedestrians six stories below.

"Haw, haw, haw," yelled his audience; and off in one corner he saw the ubiquitous camera, whirling away as fast as the human arm could turn.

And as he crawled under the covers to resume his interrupted slumber, he closed his ears to the din of the entire city fire department responding to a call for two hundred more feet in "Hydrants in Hades, or the Vamp's Hereafter."

A short stroll at noon brought him face-to-face with a collision between swiftly moving electric cars; he dodged just in time to escape the form of an

aged woman hurled out of a fleeing motor, and got back to the Chaplin House at the very moment the portly chef was projected through a window by an explosion of hot fat in the kitchen. The ever-present camera caught each tense situation.

"I'd like to have my bill." It was a weak voice that addressed the cashier.

"Why, Mr. Van Brunt, we thought you were going to make quite a stay with us."

"So did I, but I find it too quiet for my nerves."

Thus it was that Pelham Kip Van Brunt returned to his secluded apartment in Longacre Square, where he found during his absence that a big electric sign had been installed alongside his window which kept his room as bright as day all night long, in the interests of Meyer's Musty Ale.





NEWPORT, 1916 — Nonchalance

—Drawn by Otto Cushing

### A Happy Reunion

The Brotherhood of Former Latin-American Dictators had just opened its first annual convention in Paris, and the hotel lobby was crowded with stern, olive-skinned men, each one of whom wore eleven pounds of gold medals on the left breast of his coat, and carried a roll of Spanish money large enough to choke a hippopotamus.

"My dear Senor Tobasco!", exclaimed ex-Dictator Colorado Maduro of Costaragua, leaping to his feet and kissing a newcomer on both cheeks and the nose, "where did you come from? We thought that you had been shot in the back by your friends during the revolution!"

"Ah, no, no!" cried Senor Delirio Tobasco, ex-Dictator of Nicaragua, as he patted the faces of the bystanders and distributed kisses with careless abandon, "No! No! I escaped from that dear Nicaragua by putting out to sea in a hogshead, after I had sent the contents of the treasury to my

Paris address by registered letter!"

Cries of "Viva! Viva!" and a general interchange of kisses followed this dramatic recital; nor was order restored until a small, sallow person with eight-pound epaulettes and a five-pound look tore several handfuls of hair from his head and begged to be informed what had happened in



"Gee! Ain't you sorry we don't live in Germany!"

dear old Venezuexico since he lost his dictating job nine months ago.

Several of those present recognized him as Maria Cordova Luis Tomato y Cantaloupe, ex-Dictator of Venezuexico, whereupon he was embraced by the brotherhood, and informed that since his departure, Venezuexico had been governed by no less than fourteen dictators, one of whom had, on being ejected from office, salvaged \$780,000 from the treasury.

At this news, Senor Maria Cordova Luis Tomato y Cantaloupe fell to the floor in a fit and had to be dragged to the bar by two of his compatriots, who explained to the sympathetic bystanders that Senor Cantaloupe had only succeeded in taking \$360,000 from the Venezuexican treasury, and that the information that anyone had beaten his record was too much for him.

With the kind assistance of Senor Gabriel de la Mesquita, ex-Dictator of Panamela, and Senor Eliseo Keroseno, ex-Dictator of San Salumbia, Senor Cantaloupe was soon restored to a morose and sullen consciousness.

He quickly regained his good spirits, however, when Senor Keroseno related the amusing tale of how it had been necessary for him to kill eighteen relatives and seven generals in his army with his own hands in order to become Dictator of San Salumbia, and how the plot to overthrow him had been revealed to him for \$1.25 by the brother of the chief plotter, thus allowing him plenty of time to decamp with all the money in the republic's treasury.

The assemblage was sent into gales of laughter when Senor Mesquita, with inimitable drollery, told of the attempts of the starving population of Panamela to prevent him from escaping with the republic's spare change, and of how, as he departed from Panamela on the republic's only gunboat, he had trampled on the Panamelan flag and expressed his contempt for his former fatherland in other offensive ways.

A burst of cheers recalled them to the hotel lobby, where they found that Manuel Fandango, ex-Dictator of Hondurador, was making a speech advocating the purchase of a populated island in the Caribbean, to which all former Latin-American dictators could return at stated intervals and renew their youth by shooting a few natives and robbing them of their sustenance.

Owing to the lateness of the hour, however, it was the consensus of opinion that no definite action should be taken on anything until the second day of the convention, inasmuch as the assembled brothers were impatient to settle down to a little steady drinking.

The convention was therefore adjourned to third-drink-time on the morrow.

—K. L. Roberts.

## THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

By H. C. BUNNER

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

IT seems quite natural that the houses in Philadelphia should grow backward; yet a real Philadelphia house is always a surprise to the stranger. From the sidewalk you see what looks like a compressed mausoleum. You enter, wondering if there is going to be room for you and the one tier of defunct. Behold! that house spreads out into the silent hollow of the "square;" back-extension after back-extension, in holy privacy, in a dim and chastened respectability, you see a Philadelphia HOME expand itself.

For many, many years there came forth daily from the door of such a house as this, a gentleman who was at first Oldish, then Old, then Very Old, indeed. He was thin and tall; he wore his old-fashioned beaver hat on one side of his gaunt, old-fashioned head; his clothes had been dandified once, when dandies wore stocks and tied their collars behind. He wore them still so jauntily as to make you think you were wrong in your reckoning—if the disloyal clothes hadn't gone threadbare and shiny.

A fragile, faded, prettyish, middle-aged wife said good-bye to the Oldish man at the white door-step as he went forth, leaning on the arm of a thin, serious-looking young man; a fragile, fading pretty young wife bade the Old man good-bye at the same door-step as he went forth on the arm of the same young man, not quite so young now. When he was a Very Old man, neither wife bade him good-bye, but a little yellow-haired boy walked on the other side of the Very Old man, while his right arm was supported by the young man, who was only young now by comparison.

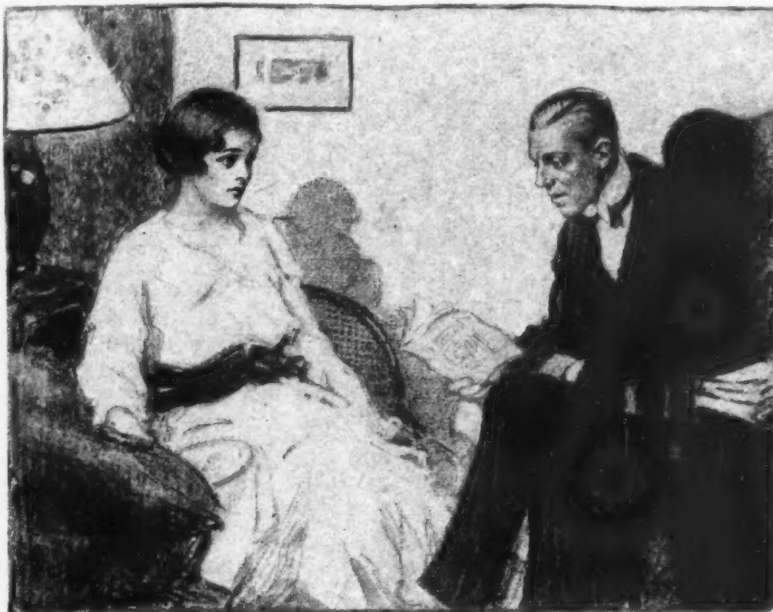
He always walked as jauntily as each new year would let him, down the sunny side of Chestnut Street. All the old merchants knew him; all the solid, comfortable-looking old Friends nodded to him in a half-pitying, half-admiring way. If you asked one of them who he was, you would get this answer: "Col. Brown, sir; Col. Orlando Brown—remarkable man, sir—great inventor—greatest mining expert in the country—made half a dozen fortunes—not worth a soumarkee—not worth a soumarkee, sir—too wild, sir—fanciful—excitable." Here the Philadelphia merchant would tap his head. "New York man originally." And here the Philadelphia merchant would shake his head.

But the Colonel cared neither for their admiration or their pity; he set his hat further on one side, pulled his stock up over his collar, then pulled his collar up over his stock, ran his hand through his fine whiskers, and swaggered on his way to look at the mining-stock list.

In New York, the Colonel would have been neither quite so much of a wonder, nor quite so much of an impracticable. He was only one of the many geniuses with whom the times can not readily keep abreast. He would spend years in devising new systems of milling and smelting ores—splendid

systems—only, as they were about ten years ahead of the needs of civilization, civilization could make no use of them. Consequently, the Colonel had to be "temporarily accommodated" until civilization caught up with him. When she did, the Colonel drew his pay, and promptly sunk it in getting up new and still more advanced systems which the world could not possibly use for a decade at least. Meanwhile the Colonel's collars got frayed and his wives wore out.

He was like a swimmer who dives for the great seventh billow just as the fourth or fifth is rising, and comes up where he should have gone down. Thus he succeeded in keeping out of tune with the resistless surf of progress.



"My gracious!" said Adèle, "and we thought life was stupid!"

The Colonel died at last in the trough of the sea. When he died, he owned nothing but the roof that sheltered him and the patents that had ruined and should have enriched him.

Paul was the name of the curly-headed boy. Ernest was the name of the thin young man who had grown old holding up his father's arms. All his days, from the day he left the University of Pennsylvania to the day he left this world, his prime function in life was that of a calculating machine for the Brown patents.

It was he who had figured into practical usefulness the creations of his father's mechanical genius, balancing economies of power and speed and efficiency, one against the other. Outside of this he lived solely for hygienic reasons.

The Colonel was dead, but the patents were alive.

Ernest rented the most of the old house to a boarding-house keeper, and went to live

with Paul in the last of the back-extensions, where they had a gloomy workshop on the first floor. Three times a day they issued therefrom to take their meals at the boarding house table, where scrapple set the key of greasiness at breakfast, well sustained at dinner, and ending in a delicate diminuendo with the doughnuts at supper.

They had also retained the little stable at the rear, and here they kept two saddle-horses which it was Paul's duty to care for, and on which they took, morning and evening, a silent sanitary ride—for the air made Ernest cough. They had no friends and they went nowhere, save that they took tea every Sunday evening at their Aunt Chambray's, an elderly lady of Huguenot extraction, who kept a rapidly decaying boarding and day school for young ladies, that had once been fashionable. It was a solemn function, held in the second story front drawing-room. When anybody opened a door downstairs, a draught came up bearing a smell—or smells—from the school-room downstairs—a smell of ink, a

smell of slates, a smell of luncheon boxes and the chicken-coopy flavor of small children that you can not get out of a school-room. There were thin bread-and-butter and macaroons and tea. There was Aunt Chambray, there were Cousins Zénobie, Zaire and Palmyre, thin, elegant, aristocratic and Roman-nosed; there was also a little third or fourth cousin, Adèle, who taught for her board, and who led a sad sort of life in the Chambray household, perhaps because she was plump and pretty and sweet-voiced and because the way she went on with Paul was simply scandalous.

This was Paul Brown's life. Through their long working hours Ernest taught him all he had learned at College, and the whole science and mystery of the Brown patents. Paul sometimes looked from his bed-room window and wondered if the stars in their courses went about with tables of logarithms in their hands.



But the day came when the calculations of Ernest Brown, of infallible Science and of irresistible Nature, all worked themselves out together. Three things happened:

First, the great Brown process was perfected, just as a vast new market rose clamoring for it. The Brown boys sold out to a New York syndicate and were rich.

Second, Ernest, having put his whole constitution into the Brown patents, lay down and calmly and placidly died.

Third, before his death he said to Paul, who was sitting by his bedside:

"Really, Paul, it is of extremely little consequence. Of course, I am dying just as I have the means to indulge my tastes. But, do you know, it has lately occurred to me, on reflection, that I *have* no tastes. I think I have been in error in not cultivating some. Have you any tastes, Paul?"

Paul thought for a little while, then he said:

"I think I have a taste for Adèle."

The dying man looked mildly surprised. He pondered for a while.

"I think I should cultivate it," he said.

Then he turned his face to the wall.

In the Spring, Paul married Adèle.

Their honey-moon was a distinct failure. What could you expect of two young people who had hardly stirred, their lives long, out of two dull, dismal old Philadelphia houses, looking out on a crossing of alleyways for their world? They went, poor lambs, in their simple ignorance, to Long Branch, where the Hebrew hosts frightened them; to Niagara Falls, where they ran into an excursion of a Western Editorial Association; and to Saratoga, where they felt as if even Divine Providence had forgotten them. They had not the first idea of travelling; they missed connections; they scattered their baggage all along their line; they got the wrong tickets; and, being the most fully developed specimen of bridal couple that had appeared for some years, they afforded unbounded amusement and great pecuniary profit to countless train-hands, porters, waiters, bell-boys, chamber-maids and hack-drivers, for the space of two weeks. Then they reached New York, went to a hotel, and lay awake all night long wondering when the rest of the town was going to bed. In the morning Paul said:

"I am going down to see Mr. Grinridge."

"Oh, do!" said Adèle; "and *do* tell him how much I'll thank him if he'll *only* tell us *what* to do and *where* to go! I really can't stand this another week longer. If we don't settle down *somewhere* — I'd — I'd rather go back to Philadelphia. And you know we said we'd *never* do that."

"No," said Paul, resolutely; "we won't go back to Philadelphia!" And he buttoned his coat up tight, kissed his little wife as she lay in the big hotel bed, nursing a nervous headache, and strode off to find Mr. Grinridge.

Mr. Grinridge had been the Syndicate's lawyer, and was now Paul's. He had conducted the negotiations with Ernest and Paul, and had once or twice taken Paul to lunch at the Savarin. And Mr. Grinridge was the only man in the great big world whom this poor child of a Philadelphia back-extension could call so much as an acquaintance.

Mr. Grinridge was a large, rosy, handsome, well-fed old gentleman, with beautiful curly gray hair and bright boyish eyes.

"Ah! I see," he said. "You have no friends in Philadelphia and you *have* relatives. No wonder you don't want to go back. H'm, let's see; how would New York suit you to live in?"

"Isn't it rather — noisy?" inquired Paul, dubiously.

"Oh, it strikes you so at first," said Mr. Grinridge; "but you soon get used to that. Besides, you know, you can get a quiet little flat."

Paul brightened up. He said he thought that sounded nice. So Mr. Grinridge sent a clerk with him to half a dozen agencies, where he amassed various slips of paper torn from stub-books. When he had quite a handful of these, he went back to Adèle.

Three days later a yellow-haired young man, with a haggard face and a dazed look in his eyes, walked into Mr. Grinridge's office.

"Well, have you found your flat?" said Mr. Grinridge.

"I've found about all the flats in creation," said Paul Brown. "One more flat will drive me crazy!"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Grinridge.

"Matter!" said Paul; "why, it's a nightmare. We've seen about half the flats in New York. We've done nothing but go up and down elevators and flights of stairs. We've seen every kind of a flat, I believe, that ever was invented. We've seen flats with kitchens in the front, and flats where you sleep in the dining-room and eat in the bed-rooms. We've seen flats that you couldn't turn round in, and flats as big as all outdoors. And the more we've seen of the whole flat business, the more certain we are that we don't want to have anything to do with it. We'd rather go and live in a cage with the animals up in Central Park."

Mr. Grinridge laughed with twinkling eyes.

"I see, I see," he said; "you are not quite up to New York pitch yet. Well, what do you say to a nice little suburban cottage? There are plenty of places convenient to the city on Long Island, up the Hudson and over in Jersey. You can come in and go to the theatre when you want to, or you can stay at home and be quite quiet and Philadelphian. Why, now that I've grown old, I've come to that sort of thing myself. I've settled down in just such a little hole in the ground. Now, there's Pelham and Mt. Vernon and Yonkers and Hastings and Morristown and Englewood and Plainfield — what's the matter with one of those places?"

"What's the matter with the place where you are?" demanded Paul.

Mr. Grinridge laughed again.

"Nothing that I know of," said he. "If you and Mrs. Brown will lunch with me tomorrow, we'll run out early and take a look at it. I know of one house that ought to suit you."

They did lunch with Mr. Grinridge the next day. It was a delightful little luncheon, and Mr. Grinridge was so charmed with young Mrs. Brown that he could hardly



*They afforded unbounded amusement to countless bell-boys and chambermaids.*

tear himself away from the table in time to catch the early train. But they did catch it; and very soon they were rolling through that great broad sea of marsh which the Jersey folk call the "medders." Then they came to a land of low, rolling hills and undulating green fields, with patches of woodland here and there, and the whole landscape peppered with little houses, many of them very bright and new-looking. Little towns were strung all along the railroad like beads on a string, and they had come to one of the prettiest of these, which peeped out of a nest of young green trees, when Mr. Grinridge said: "Here we are."

Mr. Grinridge's surrey was waiting at the station. It whirled them through a cluster of comfortable old-fashioned houses with first stories of whitewashed stone; and then up into the new part of the town, where the houses were of wood, and quite clearly new — although they all tried very hard to look a great deal more antique than the real old ones. Suddenly they turned into a broad, cheerful street with great trees along the edge of the roadway, and with a row of low, spreading, sloping-roofed cottages on each side. Every house stood in a broad, generous patch of lawn or garden. At the further end of the street stood an old white church with a great pillared portico in front.

"Oh!" cried Adèle, in a tone that settled it.

"Rather nice, isn't it?" said Mr. Grinridge; "that's my house up next to the church, and here's yours down here — that is, if you like it."

The June roses were blooming in the front yard, the gravel walks were as neat as a new pin. Ampelopsis climbed over half the house, and there were scarlet-runners on the sunny side. Of course they liked it.

"It was built for the owner," said Mr. Grinridge, "but he has never occupied it. I believe he's decided to settle in California. So nobody's ever lived in the house except the caretaker, although it's been built three years. By the way, she's a very excellent

*(Continued on page 23)*





## EPISODE TEN

## THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

### Worth Looking Over Anyway

FOR SALE — 4 work horses, 3 fresh milk cops. Call at this office.

—*The Mansfield (Ore.) Times.*

### We Scent Trouble NOTICE.

June 16, 1916.

People say in Grove and Bessemer that Mr. Louis Babic boards at Mrs. Rosie Kress' place and it is not true; and I wish to say, so not one would talk any further. So if they keep saying what is not true in they will be in trouble and will be a big one.

—*Pueblo (Colo.) Star-Journal.*

### Substantial Shingles

The building will be shingled with stone foundation, sleeping porch, electricity for lighting purposes. The mason's work on cellar will be started next week.

—*New Haven (Ct.) Register.*

### Ledgers and Babies

WANTED — Bookkeeper; one fond of children.

—*Denver (Col.) Rocky Mountain News.*

### Did She Marry Him?

Walter Davison, the doggonedest fool in the county, got stung Sunday night by a small girl.

—*The Kansas City (Ark.) Plain Dealer.*

### In the Big City

A Wisconsin man caught a sucker that had a diamond ring in its stomach. Here it works differently. The sucker usually has a diamond ring on its finger until the shark deftly removes it in a quiet little game.

—*The Bartlesville (Okla.) Examiner.*

### The Nail is Hit on the Head

There was quite a nice parade passed through Theo Saturday, which, of of course, was exciting, as happenings of this kind isn't common.

—*The Nevada County (Ark.) Picayune.*

### We Wondered How Some of Them Did It

Hooten is charged with assault and battery with intent to commit felony. It is claimed that he shot Lester Martin, 17 years old, 715 East Fifth street, and Raymond Young, 10 years old, 731 East Sixth street, Friday night, July 21, for peeping into an uncurtained window of his home where a young woman was in the act of disrobing with a shotgun.

—*The South Bend (Ind.) News-Times.*

### They Will Hear of This Later

Triplets were born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Howard at Valley View, Madison County and they have been named Toney, Oney and Zoney.

—*The Paris (Ky.) Democrat.*

### Least Safe at Home

Steve Farish, living in the west part of town, broke his limb Wednesday evening. Mr. Farish has been in bad health for several months. He was standing by his bed and in turning around gave his limb a twist, breaking it above the knee.

—*The Morrilton (Ark.) Democrat.*

### Our Social Athletes

Some of the Barnes people attended a "butt-in" dinner at Mrs. Harve Stanton's Friday.

—*The Ozark (Ark.) Spectator.*

### Fresh Water Bathing

While bathing at Pleasant Lake one day last week Porter Field was attacked by a clam, which fastened itself to his big toe. The aid of a knife blade was necessary to release it. A very sore toe was the result.

—*The Ingham County (Mich.) News.*

### You Better Do It!

NOTICE — The party who took a lawn mower from the home of Mr. J. Ackworth during the week of July Fourth, can save himself trouble by returning the same.

—*The Orwell (O.) News-Letter.*

### Sophistry

One of the things you really can't fool is a garden. You can water it all the hose will let thru, but the garden knows the water isn't rain.

—*The Winfield (Kan.) Free Press.*

## ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"She's a regular gadabout—

Never stays at home long enough to lay any eggs."

"No; but she keeps a couple of mothballs in the nest to fool her husband!"

### Are Fat Men Shy?

We were sitting on the porch, smoking cigarettes, and speaking evil of our neighbors, my chum from across the road and myself. He is a fine fellow, about thirty, doing well for his wife and babies, and with a pretty candor in talking over past hard times, and the chasing of very small jobs which, on occasion, refused to have even a pinch of salt put on their tails. A very nice fellow, but — when he stands straight, he can by no possibility see his toes. So we talked of past hard times.

"Well," I said thoughtlessly, light-

ing another of his good cigarettes, "When things went that way, you had to tighten your belt! Some different now, eh?" And I laughed, as we all do at a fat man.

He was holding one of his matches for me, to give me a light, and, as I laughed, I looked him in the face, in the nice, honest brown eyes — and was perturbed to see the look of shy, hurt sensitiveness in them. I had bumped into a wound, without even thinking about it.

I sincerely hope that not all fat men are so sore about it, for we are, all of us, cracking jokes at their

expense, all the time, and feeling triumphantly funny as we do it. Birds have the instinct of type so strongly, that they will kill any member of their species who departs too much from the type; a flock of rooks will peck an albino rook to death. Perhaps it is our sense of type, our subconscious memory of Apollo Belvedere, that makes us torment fat men. But I am sorry I did, and am going to reform, for the future. A wide equator may subtend a tender and sensitive heart, so please remember, and forbear!

— Charles Johnston.



¶ The hectic individual in this picture may be known to some of you. In fact we hope that most of the readers of PUCK are also readers of what he has to say every evening in the *Evening Journal*. PUCK has the honor of portraying this week Arthur Brisbane, Editor of the *Evening Journal*. Unlike most editors, Mr. Brisbane actually writes the editorials for his paper, a distinction that is almost unique nowadays. Unlike most editors too, what Brisbane writes is so well worth while reading that a large proportion of the circulation of the *Evening Journal*, a circulation by the way that is greater than that of any other daily paper in the United States, is generally admitted to be directly due to the editorials of Mr. Brisbane. Of course you know Mr. Brisbane is the highest salaried editor in the world. We do not say that you ought to read

what he has to say because he is the highest salaried editor in the world, but we do say that if you read what he has to say for a few days, you will discover why he is the highest salaried editor in the world.

¶ Notice the dictaphone which is built into the automobile. Mr. Brisbane contrived this novel combination of the automobile and the dictaphone with the co-operation of Thomas Edison. Instead of wasting his time going to and from work, lolling back on the cushions of his automobile, Mr. Brisbane admonishes the crowd, which, so we are told, lines the road on which he daily rides. He harangues them with his silver tongue, at the same time preserving his words for the readers of the *Evening Journal* and posterity by means of the unique attachment which we picture.



## The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

**A Big Book** "Casuals of the Sea" is a big human book about the sea and land.

It is by a newcomer, William McFee, said to be engineer on a tramp steamship. He is an Englishman, and has, I believe, two books to his credit, neither one known to me. But after a few pages of "Casuals of the Sea" you realize that there is come a new personality in the arena. To be sure, Mr. McFee has at his finger tips the entire repertory of all the sea fiction-makers. He knows Conrad and he knows Jacobs; he also knows the older masters; Marryatt, Russell, Melville. Nevertheless he has developed a personality of his own. He spins a fresh yarn, withal a variation on an eternal theme: the sea. Curiously enough you are not set afloat till the last section of the story. The first part plays in the suburb of North London; the second in the city at Clifford's Inn, off the Strand. For McFee, London is no uncharted map. He seems on familiar territory when portraying various comical cults, æsthetic, philanthropic, and others; and he certainly has rubbed elbows with cockney families in Kensington. His Brown family is as richly humorous as a page from Dickens. The London reviewers compare him with William De Morgan. I can't see it. William McFee is one of Martin Secker's discoveries in London. (I am writing from a copy of the English edition.) Mr. Secker has made some excellent "finds." His literary stable contains at present a string of racers that in speed and promise almost measure up to the once famous stud of writers, at the sign of the Unicorn or John Lane's Bodley Head. By the time you read this notice of "Casuals of the Sea" it will be out in its American garb, under the ægis of Doubleday Page & Co.

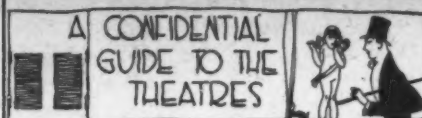
**The Story** It was snowing in Northern London, one evening during January 1896. Several gangs of schoolboys fought to a finish a desperate battle with snowballs. Bert Gooderich was the leader of the successful band. When he went home he was a sad sight. But his mother, a little woman, with a resigned expression, was not surprised. Nothing surprised her. She was poor though not in the slums. Her husband made fairly good wages as a machinist. She had a second son, Hannibal. Her daughter, Minnie — a previous "slip" in the long ago — was treated by her stepfather as one of his own. But she wasn't. She was her mother multiplied by her real father, a baker's assistant of volatile tastes. Minnie soon be-

comes restless and losing her position goes to London in search of another. Also in search of adventure. Not that she was light in conduct. She was practical, of limited intellectual horizon, though fairly thirsting to taste life. She does. She is engaged as a typist by a newspaper woman and, her career started, she proceeds to grab at the first man who admires her, an advertising genius with gold. Minnie accepts his offer and cold-bloodedly visits, to tell of her luck, a friend of her mother's, an American woman (one of the best realized characters in the book, on the second plane). Here we get the New Woman, reduced to the simplest terms. Her mother made a mistake before she married, and phlegmatically endured the consequences. Minnie knows nothing of this, and doesn't behave in the least like her parent. The novel, if it were not for the sea episodes, might have been called "Mothers and Daughters," so clearly is mirrored the difference in moral sensibility between the older and younger generations. Vivien Warren knew of her mother, Mrs. Warren's profession; she was right in clearing out; but Minnie Gooderich from sheer — no not perversity — selfishness, went off on her own hook to sample the sweets of life. She got a few. She married and forever after — no doubt — made her foolish little sea-captain of a husband, miserable. Minnie Gooderich is distinctly an acquisition in fiction, though I doubt if she will prove sympathetic to her feminine readers. The men, unless hopelessly sentimental, will accept her for what she is: a hard-headed young woman — of metallic temperament — who goes for what she desires — as do Mr. Shaw's heroines. She is heartless, not stupid, and she exists in every city of the globe.

**The Sea** I've eaten up my space with Minnie, leaving little for Hannibal, who goes to sea in a dirty old tramp steamship; this section is the glory of the book. Such a life — stripped of all glamor, such adventures, without ultimate consequences, such pictures of a stark sincerity! No wonder "Casuals of the Sea" has been praised. It has lots of faults, but it is the real thing in our period of sloppy sentimental fiction and bad writing.

Deposits in German savings banks increased \$62,500,000, in a month. The money, presumably, was saved by the populace through not having to buy food.

A despatch from Paris says that the Serbians are "still gaining." Experience?



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**ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC**

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39th STREET.....Yvette

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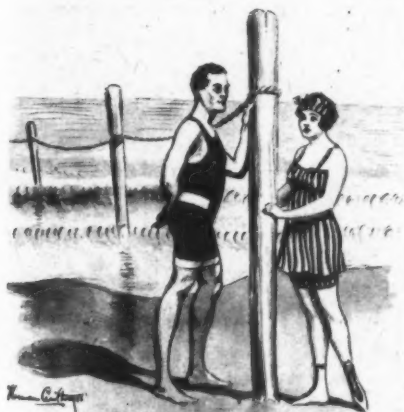
View of arch cut with knife Nathan Ankle Support Co., 90-2 Beale St., N.Y.



A writer in the press speaks of "combinations of quality," but not in reference to a union of our best families. It is merely a boost for feminine lingerie. The man is an ad. writer.

Agricultural science is endeavoring to improve the breed of hens. Why not race 'em? That, in the old days, was mentioned as a means of "improving the breed" of horses.

"Loses his thigh-bone in fight, gets new one," says a wonder-story from a French military hospital. It seems only a question of time when soldiers will carry extra parts, like automobiles.



HE: "I don't see why women aren't as good swimmers as men."  
SHE: "We are! Only girls are hampered by their clothes."

It is odd when you come to think of it; throwing bottles in a street car strike is "rioting," but throwing bottles at a base ball game is merely an excusable effervescence of America's love of sport.

If red-tape is of the proper length, breadth and thickness, it is no longer red-tape. It then becomes efficiency.

A social aspirant is never too old to climb.

It is the self-made man who never forgets his maker.

A drowning politician will catch at a third party.

Villa, according to Jim Ham Lewis of Illinois, is Mexico's strong man. Mexico's "strong-arm man" would be nearer to it, we think.

No man who ever succeeded in proving something beyond the shadow of a doubt, has ever tried it again. It is altogether too exhausting a process.



## Engineering the Telephone

THE great Bell System, with its telephone highways connecting the farthest points of the country, is primarily a brain creation.

The telephone engineer is the genius of communication. Like the general of an army, he plans, projects, and directs his campaigns far ahead. He deals with the seemingly impossible—transforming ideas and ideals into concrete facts.

His problems may involve doubling the capacity of a city's underground telephone system, or the building of a transcontinental line, or a serious war-shortage of supplies needed in telephone work.

Whatever the difficulties, they must be overcome so that the progress of the telephone shall continue equal to the ever-growing needs of the people.

It is not enough to provide only for the present—the future must be anticipated and discounted.

In the Bell System, more than two thousand highly efficient engineers and scientists are constantly working on the complex problems of the telephone business.

As a result, the service keeps step with present requirements and the assurance is given to every subscriber that the Bell System is prepared for whatever the future develops.



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*One Policy      One System      Universal Service*



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### Real Newspaper People

No matter what you see or read to the contrary in the movies and magazines, the following persons actually do work on newspapers:

A "Cub" Reporter who never landed a big "scoop" in his life, and never will.

An ugly Reporter, either sex.

A "Star" Reporter who does not get "scooped" by the "Cub," and never will for that matter, and who doesn't carry a day-ledger and a

The Black Tom munitions explosion was said to have shaken up everything within a radius of one hundred miles, but the Athletics are still in last place.

JONES (in Prohibition town): where can I get a drink?

NATIVE: Of what?

JONES: Not prussic acid! I've only got to stay here two hours.



In Georgia

MOTORIST: "Why don't you keep your child off the street?"

WOMAN: "Can I put a kid of three to work?"

carpenter's pencil to make his notes with while interviewing the Fire Chief's horse during a conflagration.

A Society Editor who has never seen a wedding and never wants to.

A "Sob Sister" who finishes a tearful story about the neglected children in some orphan asylum and then goes out at night to an equal suffrage meeting, leaving her own two little ones at home alone.

An Editorial Writer who spills a bottle of ink on paper advising the nation to get rid of the curse of drink, with his right hand, and simultaneously gets rid of a bottle of "the curse" with his left hand and his mouth.

A Reporter who never married the millionaire's daughter, nor rescued her from a band of robbers; and who never had a chance to marry her, but is perfectly contented with a plain little working-girl wife and a kiddie or two.

A Reporter who never wrote a short-story, poem, play or scenario — (he's only been on the newspaper two hours and will begin his scenario in a day or so).

### Marriage License

MISTRESS: I have never seen your marriage license, Mandy.

MANDY: Lor', missus, ain't you seen dat nigger knock me around? Spose I'd let him do dat if we wasn't married?

A French aviator saluted Berlin with handbills. German aviators do their saluting of non-combatants with hand grenades, thus proving the superiority of kultur.

"I had a long talk with your husband yesterday."

"He's an extremely interesting man — as I remember him."

The road to success is paved with stumbling blocks.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles.

Note the heartiness and good nature of the

# Evans' Ale

drinker. There must be something to it.

Try it at home or restaurant. In Bottles and Spills  
C. H. EVANS & SONS. (Hudson, N. Y.)



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Rooms	Single	Double
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100 Private Bath - - -	2.50	4.00 Up
100 Private Bath - - -	\$3.00 to 5.00	4.50 Up

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## MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

The Thing for Trainsickness  
AT ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS



## The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 17)

and capable old woman. She put out all those flowers and things. The place was as bare as the back of my hand when she took hold of it. I should think she might be able to 'do' for you till you got settled. Her name is Mrs. Wimple."

The house was as delightful inside as out. Mrs. Wimple was a cheery, motherly old soul who could do everything that any mortal woman ever did, and who asked for no greater joy than to take a stray young married couple — or, for the matter of that, a dozen stray young married couples — under her protecting wings and "do" for them with maternal solicitude; the terms and everything else were satisfactory, and so there was nothing for the two young Browns to do but to furnish their new home and go to house-keeping.

Now this is, or ought to be, the most delightful of occupations for a young married couple. I have always been sorry for Adam and Eve that, in their first happy innocence, they started life in a ready-furnished establishment. I suppose they had some fun naming the animals; but it was a poor substitute for the happiness of buying your own furniture.

But I am sorry to say that the two young Browns did not enjoy this happiness any more than our first parents did, for a similar reason — they did not know enough. Home is an acquired taste. If you once acquire it, you will never want to do without it. But if you never have acquired it — if you have never known what it is to have a Home — why, then, the furnishing forth of your new house means no more to you than the obligatory purchase of so many tables and chairs, and pots and pans; and you put no more sentiment into it than you do into buying a ton of hard coal or a pair of suspenders — and you lose one of the sweetest delights of human life.

That was the case of the young Browns. It was tables and chairs to them, pots and pans; nothing more, nothing less. They bought a lot of very pretty things, and they put them around the house in perfectly proper places; but it never once occurred to them that there was any fun in it. Mrs. Wimple enjoyed it. She shoved the new furniture all about, and tried each thing in a dozen different spots; but no matter where she put it, the Browns were equally satisfied. They always said it would "do"; and, after awhile, Mrs. Wimple gave it up as a bad job. She couldn't get these young people interested in their home; and so she went off to her kitchen and did such wonders in the way of cookery that day after day slipped by and they never thought of going into the city and getting a stock of servants to supplant her. Why should they? Mrs. Wimple, all by herself, could have supplanted any stock of servants that was ever got together.

And yet, in spite of Mrs. Wimple and their lesser advantages, such as health and wealth, and youth and love, and a pretty house

(Continued on page 24)



## Armour's Grape Juice 100 % Pure

Armour's Grape Juice is the invigorating, refreshing, healthful beverage that is really good for children and grown-ups. Unfermented and unsweetened. Undiluted — you dilute Armour's to your own taste. Always keep Armour's in the house. Get it from your grocer in the Family Case of 6 one-pint bottles.

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# Budweiser

Bottled at the Brewery

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## The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 23)

and pretty things about them, and days of perfect Summer weather in that sweet and gracious hillside country, something of the dull disappointments of their honey-moon lingered about the life of these new-wed Browns.

For one thing, they were lonely — though they didn't know it. Strange as it may seem, their neighbors in the pretty little town followed a curious suburban fashion, and fled, at the approach of Summer, to noisy crowded, comfortless hotels in what they called the "real country" — which is really the Country of Canned Vegetables. When the flowers in their gardens had given over blooming, they would come back; but just at present they were scattered over the face of the earth. And so nobody came to call on the new residents. Even Mr. Grinridge spent most of his time at Manhattan Beach.

But it was more than mere loneliness that troubled them. They hadn't the first idea, either of them, what to do with their lives. Paul began to understand, vaguely, what Ernest had meant by speaking of the necessity of cultivating tastes. He certainly was better off than Ernest had been, in that he had a taste for Adèle; but that taste appeared to be cultivated to its fullest extent, and still he seemed to have a good deal of time on his hands. And Adèle was in exactly the same plight. She loved Paul with her whole heart; but, as time passed on, she became more and more conscious of some facts that she had often taught the children at Madame Chambray's, without thinking much of their significance, namely — that there were sixty minutes in an hour and twenty-four hours in a day.

At last they got to talking frankly about it. They made up their minds that they needed occupation; but what occupation? Travelling? No; they were quite agreed that they never wanted to see a hotel again. Gardening? Botanizing? Music? Painting? Improvement of the Mind? They couldn't find that they had the faintest glimmer of taste for any one of these things. Finally they hit upon Reading — and the idea came to them with all the force of an original discovery.

Now, you must remember that these two young people had been brought up in the gloomy hollows of two highly respectable Philadelphia "squares"; that their young lives had been all work and no play, and that they knew about as much of books as they did of balloons. Of course, Adèle had read such fiction as Aunt Chambray had thought suitable for a young lady in her position, which was mostly of a religious but depressing cast; and Ernest, in the exercise of his educational duties, had put Paul through Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, just as he had put him through Euclid and algebra. But, as he had selected Paul's eleventh year for this course in English literature, Paul may be said to have bolted his literary diet without absorbing much of its vital essence. As to a modern novel, neither of them knew what it was. So, when they thought about it, it became quite clear to their minds that they ought to get their literature up to date.



## Announcing the New 1917 Six-66

A car pre-eminent among seven-passenger sixes selling at anything like the price—because it's—

A big car—125-inch wheelbase—seats for seven passengers.

A powerful car—its new Continental-Moon high-speed efficiency type motor develops 66 horsepower—tremendous power in proportion to its weight, and more than the maximum requirement.

A handsome car—its new double-cowled body, with long, sweeping lines (Delaunay-Belleville type) is the design used on many of the most expensive European cars. The smart slanting windshield, and the genuine tan Spanish leather upholstery add further to its many attractions.

A perfectly controlled car—you can throttle it down to a walking gait, or drive at greater speed than most men care to try. A quick pressure on the throttle, and the car picks up like a flash.

A comfortable car—(Moon cars have always been noted for their roominess) with seats specially designed to fit and rest the body, and with more than ample leg-room in both front and rear compartments.

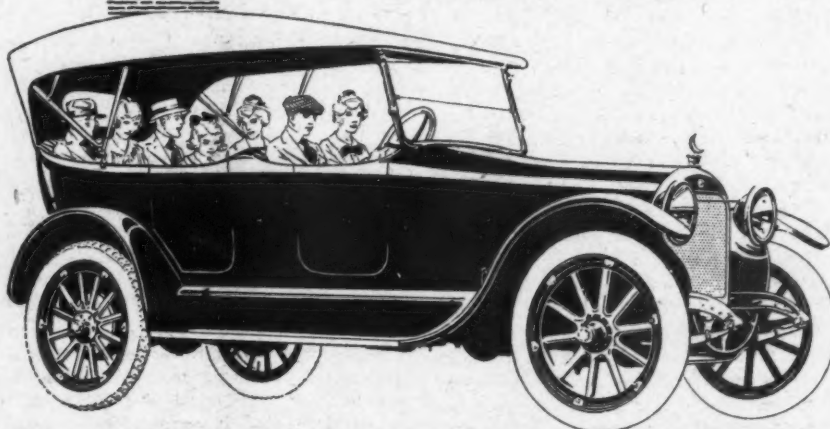
A completely equipped car—its standard equipment headed by new Delco-Moon two-unit starting, lighting and ignition system, with Bendix automatic drive in connection with starting motor; Timken front and rear axles; oversize tires, 35 x 4½; and many other features.

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National Sportsman, 253 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

## The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 24)

They did it, and the way they did it was this: Paul went to New York, to the bookstand in the ferry-house, and bought all the latest novels, on the recommendation of the newsdealer. They were mostly in blue and yellow paper covers, and cost from twenty-five to seventy-five cents apiece, though several of them had board covers and cost a dollar. Paul bought something like seven dozen of these gems of literature, and the bookstand man looked dazed for the rest of the day.

Later on, it was Paul and Adèle who looked dazed. They spent their unoccupied time—which is to say, all the time when they were not eating or sleeping—in reading those books. Paul read them aloud and Adèle listened. The books lasted two weeks. They were two weeks of murder, suicide, assassination, burglary, arson, tiger-killing, lion-hunting, elephant-shooting, carnage, bloodshed, torture, embezzlement, heroism, sacrifice, agony, devotion, death, disease, mutilation, misery, vice, crime, love, glory, and everything else that goes to spice twenty-five-cent literature.

"My Gracious!" said Adèle, when the last book, a bright pink one, had reeled to a gory close. "And we thought life was stupid."

Of course, they didn't believe it all; if you was too good to be true. But then, if you only believed the smallest part of it, what a world of sport and adventure, of fire and life it was, to charm these two children of Philadelphian respectability! And there certainly was some basis for it all.

In a spirit of scientific inquiry, Paul got hold of some New York papers—he had never read anything but Philadelphia journals before—and he caught a glimpse of life's liveliness that fairly astonished him.

"Why," he said to Adèle, "the simple fact is, it's all there; but we are not in it."

How to get in it? That was the question. Here, just outside their very gate, was a great world of action and event going on its entertaining way, while their life was as humdrum as an unbroken routine could make it. To-day, Mrs. Wimple gave them wheat-cakes for breakfast. To-morrow she gave them oat-meal. Both were excellent; and they had plenty of cream; but sometimes they thought they would have liked a little cold poison for a change.

They thought about it and talked about it in the drowsy Summer afternoons and in the wakeful Summer evenings when you couldn't feel like going to sleep any more than the nameless insects that sawed and filed and buzzed and chirped in the dark depths of the foliage. And by-and-by the plan was born.

"Why?" said Paul, as he stalked up and down the dainty little sitting-room, his hands in his pockets and a scowl on his brow. "why does nothing ever happen to us? Because we're not where anything happens. We're not among the kind of people things happen to. We aren't acquainted with anybody, for the matter of that; but we never should get to know that sort of people, anyway. Fancy, Mr. Grinridge saying: 'Allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Smith, who

killed ninety-seven Zulus in one morning'; or 'This is Mr. Jones, the celebrated duellist and murderer.' I tell you, Adèle, we're not in the right society for adventure!"

"But how are we to get into it, Paul, dear?" asked Adèle, piteously.

"We've got to go after it," said Paul. "These people aren't coming to us. They must find us as stupid as we find ourselves." He picked up the morning paper. "Look here! 'A Drummer Elopes with an Heiress,' 'A Peddler Saves Three Children from Drowning,' 'Narrow Escape of a Lightning-rod Agent,' 'A Stage-Driver Kills a Robber,' 'Curious Adventure of a Commercial Traveler,' 'A Tramp's Lucky Piece of Pie.' There! those are the people who see life—the people who move around in the world and get among their fellow-men. Things happen to them."

"But, Paul," objected Adèle, "we can't be drummers and stage-drivers and tramps and all that. You wouldn't like that sort of thing, I am sure."

"What's the reason I can't?" cried Paul. "Why can't I be a drummer?"

"Because you can't drum," said Adèle.

"That's it," said Paul, excitedly. "We live so much to ourselves that we don't know even our fellow-men. Why, you poor, dear child, a drummer is a commercial traveler! He drums up trade, don't you know?"

"But you haven't any trade to drum up, dear," said Adèle, dubiously.

"That's just what's the matter!" said Paul. "We've got a lot of money and an awfully respectable bringing-up, and a comfortable home and Mrs. Wimple and three meals a day, and nothing will ever happen to us till we die of dullness striking into a vital part. Now, suppose we hadn't got the money, and had to go out into the world. We might not have so good a time, all the time; but we'd have more different kinds of times than we're ever likely to have the way we're living now. And almost any different kind of a time would be a relief, wouldn't it, dear?"

"Paul," said Adèle, solemnly, laying down her embroidery pattern on which, for three weary weeks, she had tried to make herself believe she was working; "yesterday, do you know, I nearly fell down the front steps, and I thought I was going to sprain my ankle; and when I caught myself and didn't fall, I was really—Paul, it sounds wicked—but I was really almost sorry. It would have been such a change, don't you understand?"

"I do," said Paul. "Now, Adèle, you listen to me."

And he sat down beside her and whispered in her ear.

\* \* \* \* \*

One week after that day, Mrs. Wimple, coming downstairs in the morning, found on the kitchen table, two letters, one addressed to her and one to Mr. Grinridge. Her letter told her simply that her employers had gone away and would not return for a year. She was to care for the house in all respects as if they were there. Mr. Grinridge would furnish her with money for her wages and current expenses, upon receipt of the letter addressed to him.

(Continued on page 26)

Many a man owes his reputation as a "master mixer" to

## Club Cocktails

He deserves all the credit he gets for his discrimination, because he has selected an incomparable mixture of fine liquors, aged in the wood to velvet smoothness. And he chills the bottle on the ice, so that no dilution impairs the flavor.

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## The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 25)

She went upstairs, and made the tour of all the rooms. Save for Mrs. Wimple, the house of the Browns was as empty and desolate as though it had never been the home of a happy young married couple.

It was just six o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Wimple heard the up-train choo-chooing off into the distance.

The Browns had run away.

Next Week

Part II THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

Millenium!

"I see the government is offering a bounty for all the Ford cars exterminated."

"Why not send him to the dog hospital?"

"Horrors! Why, I wouldn't send a baby there!"

"Here's a movement to abolish the Vice-Presidency."

"What difference would that make? No one would know it."

Eighty-four new spots have lately been observed upon the face of the sun. Very likely the sun freckles himself.

"I earned a penny to-day, papa!"

"Brave boy — and how?"

"Mother gave me ten, and I saved one!"

CHOLLY: That dog knows as much as I do!

ETHEL: Well, that's enough for a house-dog!



HIS WIFE: "It's just as I said, George; we should have gone to the mountains."

# The Bunner Books



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<i>The Man with the Pink Pants</i>	<i>The Time Table Test</i>
<i>The Ghoolah</i>	<i>Mr. Chedby on a Regular Nuisance</i>
<i>Samantha Boom-de-ay</i>	<i>The Suburbanite and His Golf</i>
<i>My Dear Mrs. Billington</i>	<i>The Suburban Dog</i>
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Puck

# Infantile Paralysis



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*Surgeon-General Blue, head of the U. S. Public Health Service, says:*

"The germ can easily be destroyed by disinfectants, either liquid or gaseous, but the main obstacle in the way of destroying the germ is met within the difficulty of finding it. Another method of exterminating the germ is the use of heat. Sulphur dioxide and formaldehyde are very effective in the destruction of the germ also.

"From what we know of their causes and modes of transmission of infantile paralysis we are warranted in carrying out the following preventive measures:

"A house to house inspection to discover the foci.  
 "Complete isolation of those suffering from the disease, preferably in a hospital.  
 "A close observation of contacts.  
 "A thorough disinfection of infected houses and places.  
 "Destruction of the household vermin.  
 "Screening out all insects.  
 "Closing all schools, playgrounds and other general places of congregation for children under fifteen years."

## Protect Your Children

The home that is free from germs, flies and disease-spreading parasites need never fear epidemic. There is no more effective manner of ridding the house of germs than through a liberal use of CINNAKOL. Spray it about the premises—in the kitchen, when you sweep, wherever there is the slightest collection of dust or refuse.

## CINNAKOL

is a positive germicide. It is more than three times as strong as pure carbolic acid—and yet it is non-poisonous and will not stain or corrode.

*CINNAKOL is sold by the best druggists.*

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## Caution

Many efficient disinfectants are poisonous and must be used with extreme care.

For this reason, when you ask your druggist for CINNAKOL you should insist upon his giving you CINNAKOL, because it is not only the most efficient of disinfectants and germicides, but it is absolutely harmless and free from poisonous elements.

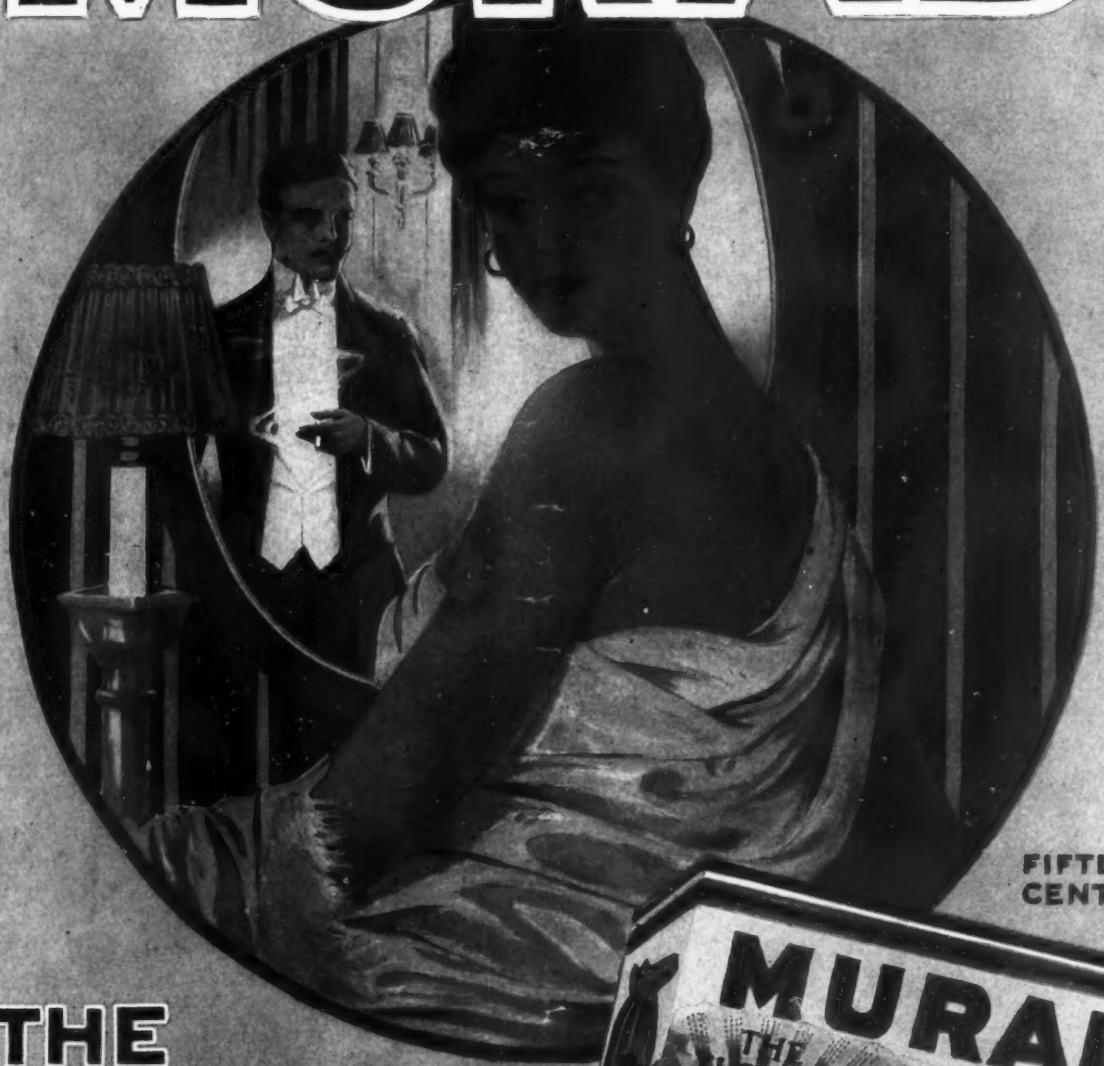
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